

The Jumper of Clouds

by The Myth Rider

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Summary: One fateful night, a proud Stormcutter went on a leisurely flight. Little did he know, he would find something on this trip he didn't even know he needed: the other half of his soul, a scale-less two-leg named Valka. The beginning of their companionship will put into motion events of epic proportion, ones that won't come to fruition for another 20 years.

1. A Kindred Spirit

****Author's Note:**** Hope you enjoy my fic here! I've been uber obsessed with Valka and Cloudjumper ever since I realized I was just like Valka, and that my original dragon-whom I always considered part of my soul-turned out to be my "Cloudjumper". Now, this ficlet is based on figuring out why Cloudjumper was present the night he spirited Valka away. I doubted he'd be commanded by the Red Death, since he headed straight for the Bewilderbeast's Nest instead. So...I wrote my idea of why he was there! Now, there's a chance I might continue along this story, but that would depend on how much attention it gets. Regardless, hope you enjoy reading! I know I enjoyed writing~!

Hail the Jumper of Clouds!

* * *

><p>The night was still and quiet. A peaceful night. Very few clouds marred the sky, freeing the stars to twinkle unhindered. But greater than the stars glowed the great, white round-sky-light. It lit the earth and sea beneath it so brightly, one could almost mistake it for day.<p>

A good night for flying.

And flew he did, the mighty Stormcutter, his four wings carrying him 'cross the deep-water. He flew softly, almost lazily, staring

straight ahead with the slightest tug at the corners of his maw. He was enjoying himself. Why shouldn't he? A fierce dragon such as the Stormcutter could do as he wished. Sure, what his Alpha commanded he carried out.

But not tonight.

The Stormcutter peaked down at the deep-water down below. The black-blue color was...decent to look at. Sure, he was a mightier sight, but this sight was not mighty. It was calm; calm like a sleeping dragon, disguising its own brand of claws. The Stormcutter knew well the breeds that dwelt underneath; his Alpha was one of them, the grandest of them.

But the Stormcutter wasn't one of those dragons. He was a dragon of the sky, the wind, the storm. He was not meant for the deep-water, nor did he care. He was supreme in his own right, and he was content with that.

Returning his gaze forward, the Stormcutter raised his wings and brought them down hard, trapping the air and forcing it to propel him forward all the quicker. With every flap he picked up speed, and by his will, flew higher. He aimed to explore, to exercise the freedom his gallant Alpha allowed him. He had already gone out a long, long ways already.

The Stormcutter was aware not all Alphas were as indulgent as his. He knew there were much fiercer ones out there, ones that posed threats. If one were to find the Nest, challenge his Alpha, if they defeated him

The Stormcutter shook his head vigorously, pausing his acceleration only momentarily before continuing.

No, his Alpha was strong. He was strong, fierce, grand and powerful. The Stormcutter had no doubt his Alpha could fend off any dragon foolish enough to challenge him. After all, if the Stormcutter wasn't strong enough, few others could be...right? He puffed out his chest, ground his teeth together and growled. Yes, he was strong, he was a Stormcutter.

Lifting his four wings once again, the Stormcutter picked up more speed before leveling out, folding his secondary wings against his body while the greater two kept him aloft. Smirking with pride at both his own potential, as well as his Alpha's, the Stormcutter continued his soft glide.

Just as it seemed his relaxing, exploring flight had resumed its monotony, a faint cacophony of roars came to his attention.

Growling in annoyance for only a moment, the Stormcutter slowed, using all four wings to hover as he tilted his crested head to listen. There were many roars, indicating a whole flight of dragons. They were roaring, howling, screeching, with a backdrop of explosions punctuating their battle calls.

Battle calls...

The Stormcutter's face hardened as he continued to listen, a duel of aggravation and curiosity raging in his chest. The dragons were

attacking something, and more likely they did not belong to his flight. Better for him to turn around now and return to his Nest, mayhap inform the Alpha. But the dragons sounded driven by something...the push not of an Alpha...

...but of a Beta.

The Stormcutter's aggravation now dissipated in the face of his curiosity. Whatever could a Beta be sending a flight of dragons after? That was when a strange, odd, angered shout reached him. He'd heard noises like that before, but only rarely, and only from one thing.

A scale-less two-leg.

Curiosity now piqued beyond his control, the Stormcutter flew on, now wishing to learn why a Beta would send her dragons after a scale-less nest. The closer he got, the more shouts he could hear from the scale-less as well as the dragons themselves. They were angry, fighting against the dragons valiantly and...almost savagely.

Scale-less two-legs that roared as bestially as a dragon. If the Stormcutter wasn't curious enough, now he was downright intrigued.

Throwing his caution to the wind, he then closed his wings to his side and dove through the air, picking up more and more speed as he fell. Before long, he threw open his primary wings, the strong hide snapping loudly as it aggressively captured the air and slowed the Stormcutter down. But not too much, he still had a ways to go. Stretching them out farther, he shot through the sky, closer and closer to the two-leg/dragon battle ahead.

It didn't take long at all before the Stormcutter caught sight of a bright red-orange light far off on a rocky, almost intimidating floating-sea-rock. There was, indeed, a scale-less two-leg village atop it, wooden clutches burning in the face of the dragons assaulting it. The kinds the Stormcutter observed facing them were few he'd seen before. They must've been indigenous to this region as opposed to his. After all, as he watched, he didn't spot a single other of his own kind there. Only Flamelickers, Rockflies, Needlemanes, and Two-headers.

The Stormcutter slowed a ways away from the shore, where the dragons and two-legs wouldn't see him, and hovered, witnessing the conflict with great interest. He couldn't help but wonder what made this two-leg village a target for this Beta's flight.

Had they attacked her nest, perhaps, and this was vengeance? Did she want their island for her own?

But as he watched, the Stormcutter noticed not all of the dragons directly attacked the two-legs. Most of them instead went after the food the scale-less had instead, flying off once they'd gotten decent catches.

Food...

So that was it. The Beta wanted food...made sense. Betas were often

greedy and gluttonous. Of course she'd force her flight to fetch food for her. The Stormcutter had no doubt the Beta probably ate her own dragons if they failed.

The Stormcutter resumed motion, carefully skirting the ravaged floating-sea-rock. Nearly all of the two-legs' wooden clutches were on fire. Some of them even threw water onto the less burnt ones, trying to save them, while others fought off their attackers. So many clutches damaged, even the Stormcutter had to admit it was a shame.

All...except for one that is.

The Stormcutter tilted his head as he eyed one wooden clutch off away from the others, with no food near to attract the dragons.

Smart...

As he watched the nifty, secluded little clutch, an odd pull keeping his focus, the Stormcutter caught the faint sound of cries. These were not the fierce battle ones taking place not a stone's throw away, but the cries of a distressed pup. The mysterious pull of the clutch coupled with the wails of a pup finally brought the Stormcutter out of his hover. He flew down to the isolated wooden clutch, keeping his speed and headed for its sloped top.

As he reached it, he slowed only slightly, landing on the outside and clawing his way through the shell to the room the pup was left in. The Stormcutter broke through the wood and swept his gaze across the room, searching for the pup. His great eyes finally alighted on it. It was a small, scale-less two-leg pup, nestled in another wooden clutch, this one filled with padding only a two-leg would use.

The small, pudgy pup cried all the louder at the racket the Stormcutter had caused on his way in. It was already distressed enough, but now he'd scared it.

A sudden flood of concern filled the Stormcutter's chest, and he approached the little nest, watching the pup inside curiously. It was thrashing its limbs, all four, crying and crying. Ever so slowly, the Stormcutter lifted his left primary wing, carefully bringing the claw on it over the pup. As he did so, the pup opened its eyes and looked up at him.

The Stormcutter waited, expecting the little scale-less pup to cry more, scared of the beast before him.

Imagine his surprise when the pup smiled, reaching out for the Stormcutter's hovering claw, cooing, as if asking for it. Even more intrigued than ever, the Stormcutter came closer, keeping his claw over the pup. His presence seemed to calm and amuse it rather than scare it. A strange sensation fluttered in the Stormcutter's chest. This was a precious pup, a special pup. He knew, in the years to come, this pup would grow to be a special scale-less two-leg.

Just as the Stormcutter got comfortable before the little pup, deeply enjoying playing with it with his claw, he became aware of another presence in the room. He turned with a jerk, unknowingly nicking the pup, momentarily ignoring its newly revived cries of distress to

focus on the intruder.

The Stormcutterâ€™pupils thinâ€™edged closer to the scale-less two-leg that had come, attempting futilely to fend him off with a metal-claw. He sniffed the two-leg, discerning from scent the two-leg was female. The Stormcutter wasn't quite sure what to make of this two-leg, though he refrained from attacking. The two-leg seemed to pick up on this as she dropped her metal-claw and watched him. The longer he looked, the more amazed the Stormcutter became. He looked long and hard at her eyes, and was surprised by what he saw.

Dragon...soul...

Seeing the kindred spirit within the two-leg, one far from different than his own, the Stormcutter's pupils dilated and he all but smiled. Instead, he winked at the female, hoping the friendliness in his expression and the similarities between their spirits would be known to her. It took only the shortest amount of time for the Stormcutter to see the same realization in the female's eyes as she calmed. He felt a click deep inside, resonating throughout his spirit, and got the feeling it was the same for her.

Their moment was interrupted by a battle shout. The Stormcutter growled and snarled, eyes returning to slits, looking up and around for the source. It was too near to be the battle. One of the warring two-legs must've spotted him and come to attack. The Stormcutter wasn't going to bother to stay and engage. It wasn't his fight, after all, but the Beta's. Best for him to fly away now and leave this all behind, lest it bring danger to the Nest.

But he wasn't leaving without _her_.

So it was, in a flurry of growls and wings, the Stormcutter took to the air with the kindred two-leg held fast in his claws. He flapped his four mighty wings, heading straight back for the Nest. The female kicked and yelled from his paws, begging him to let her go and take her back.

But the Stormcutter couldn't bring himself to do so, even if it did hurt a little to hear her pain. He knew all too well what he was doing: he was separating a mother from her pup. This would no doubt be hard for her to forgive. But the Stormcutter couldn't ignore the truth. This two-leg may be scale-less on the outside, but not on the inside. He knew where she belonged, and he even had the feeling they'd see her pup again. First things first, though. The Stormcutter had to take the female to the Nest.

He had to take her home.

The flight wouldn't take as long going back for the Stormcutter as it did leaving. He was going at a much quicker pace than prior, which had been a leisurely one. The kindred female was still grasped tightlyâ€™but gentlyâ€™and was dangling from his feet. She'd long since stopped struggling, seemingly aware of the Stormcutter's capabilities.

She hung limply, probably knowing he wouldn't let her fall, and hung her head. The ache the Stormcutter suffered from tearing the female away from her pup had dulled, but not gone away. He hoped it would

soon, he looked forward to interacting with the kindred two-leg. Maybe show her the situation wasn't as bleak as it seemed. Soon, she'd be among fellow dragons, she'dâ€”

The Stormcutter's self-assurances were cut off as he heard a sob. Lowering his head to look at the female, the dull ache sharpened with a vengeance as he saw she was crying. The Stormcutter cringed, raising his head only to sigh helplessly. This wasn't helping his situation at all. He poured on more speed, pulling out his previous furred secondary wings to quicken his pace. The sooner he got back to the Nest, the sooner he would feel less like a monster.

It seemed to take forever, but finally familiar landmarks made themselves known to the Stormcutter, he brightened, then lowered his head and ruffed at the female. She sniffled once, then looked up, her expression surprisingly sober despite the tears.

Strong...

He harrumphed, then looked up, gesturing with his great crested head. The Stormcutter didn't need to look to know the female saw the Nest before them, as she gasped.

The mountain the Alpha had partially built towered before them, the great, monumental rises of ice soaring high above. White-powder covered the entire craggy expanse, more natural deeps and rises everywhere, and the Stormcutter knew it was quite the sight. It had already been an impressive sight before the Alpha made it their home, _his_ Nest.

Looking back down, the Stormcutter was relieved to see unbroken wonder on the female's face.

Wait till see saw the Alpha.

Pulling her close to him, the Stormcutter dove for an opening in the rock that would lead them into the cavernous bowl within the mountain, where the Alpha and his flight rested. The dive inside would've been perilous from some dragons, but the Stormcutter's secondary wings made the entrance easy. He heard the female shout, but she laughed as well, assuring the Stormcutter she was merely appreciating his maneuvers.

Gladdened, he continued, till finally, the rugged opening gave way to the great Nest within. The Stormcutter heard no gasp from the female, but rather knew she was too awed to do much else than stare. He made for a comfortable ledge not far from the opening, but did so slowly, allowing for a good view of the great Nest.

The pillars of rock towering around them, the great greens stretching 'cross the entirety of the Nest, and the vast pool down below where the Alpha himself rested, his grand white hide and the enormous crest of spines adorning his neck were more than visible. A veritable oasis within the icy crag the Alpha himself had constructed. A perfect, safe place for dragons.

Home...

The Stormcutter landed on the rocky shelf, using all four wings to release the female safely before settling himself. Pulling all of his

wings close, he lowered himself into a crouch and watched as the female acquired her bearings. She continued her impressed witness of the Alpha's Nest, the wide smile and twinkle in her eyes all the assurance the Stormcutter needed he'd done right.

He was only further vindicated when the other dragons took flight and rose, a sight the female easily saw. The Stormcutter saw her eyes get misty, frowning, worried she was sad again. But her smile was still there...the twinkle remained.

...joy...?

She sniffed and wiped the tears away, the smile dimming but the light in her eyes never fading as she watched the dragons fly.

The Stormcutter sighed with relief and nodded.

Joy.

The sigh caught the female's attention, and she peered at him, the light dimming only slightly in the face of intrigue. She slowly began taking steps towards him. The Stormcutter did not flee, rather, he slowly approached her in turn, remaining in a low crouch that kept his eyes level with hers. She raised a hand, scale-less, clawless, strange compared to a dragon's. But that mattered not, for he knew she was dragon inside.

Thus did he wink once again, then leaned forward, letting her hand rest on the first plated scale directly over his nose and closed his eyes. The touch felt good, so he thrummed with pleasure, bringing a chortle from the female.

"You brought me here..."

The Stormcutter opened his eyes as he heard her speak, watching her closely now. The moment of truth.

"You brought me here," She repeated. "...why?"

The Stormcutter brought up his right wing-claw, and gently touched her chest, then he brought the same wing-claw towards himself, sitting up a little straighter and tapping his own chest.

The same...

The female looked confused for a moment, the hair over her eyes bunched, before it cleared and her eyes widened in shock. "You felt it too..."

The Stormcutter didn't move, keeping his gaze locked on hers, as she did as well. So she was aware of it all. The kindred spirit, the click, her own dragon soul. She knew. And now, she was home, as it should. He lowered once more, nudging her with his head. She smiled and scratched under his chin. It took all of the Stormcutter's willpower not to fall limp, the scratch felt so nice! As it was, he purred, and her smile only grew.

She gripped the plate over his head, gently, and looked him in the eye. "My name is Valka...you're a beautiful dragon, you are."

The Stormcutter thrummed with pride and nudged her again. Valka. She chuckled, then bit her lower lip as she thought. "What shall I call you...?"

He wasn't listening anymore, to be honest, and instead reveled in her petting. He'd had no idea two-legs were so great. Then he heard her speak again:

"You flew through the air like it was yours to command. Practically jumping from one cloud to another."

The Stormcutter started as he heard Valka gasped, and looked up quickly, afraid she'd hurt herself somehow petting him. But no, her face was too alight with glee for there to be pain.

"That's it! That's what I shall call ya!"

Valka held his head on either side and looked him in the eyes.

"You are...Cloudjumper."

Then she glared at him, but too playfully for the Stormcutter now named Cloudjumper to be worried. "Ya know...you're gonna have to make it up to me for kidnapping me."

Cloudjumper's face went slack before he flinched in distress.

Trouble...

* * *

><p>Author's Note: Thought I'd point out, I didn't directly use the usual names of the dragon breeds, aside from "Stormcutter". Being from a dragon's own perspective, I didn't think they'd all have the same names for each other, hence giving nicknames to Nightmares and the like when Cloudjumper arrived at Berk! Same for the whole "Beta" thing. I mean hey, if Bewilderbeasts are the Kings of dragons, and Seadragonus Giganticus Maximuses are the Queens, then with the Latin titles, Seadragons oughta be the "Beta", right? Beta follows Alpha in the Latin alphabet (â€" bet, beta, eh? Eh?) So I thought that worked too! ^w^ Hoped you enjoyed!

2. The First Night

**Author's Note: **So, it seems a good number of you really liked the ficlet! Thanks, it really means a lot! I hope this second piece here does it justice. Decided to go more Valka-oriented this time 'round. Even went and fixed any smurfed ends in the last installment! hehehe I checked the HTTYD Wiki to make absolutely certain of Valka's reasonings for staying, and I'm _pretty sure_ I got it across well enough. Keep faving and reviewing, and I'll keep flying-err, I mean writing!

Hail the Jumper of Clouds!

* * *

><p>Cloudjumper's return from his flight had temporarily stirred the

slumbering nest; hence the dragons that took flight for Valka to see. But now, peace returned to the bowl of dragons.<p>

Valka sat perched on the edge of the ledge Cloudjumper had deposited her on, the beast himself hooked to the rock above and hanging bat-like as he slept. He had been watching her, so Valka had fainted sleep, mostly for his benefit, till he lost consciousness. At that point she'd silently perched, absently observing the dragons as she pondered her situation.

Valka satâ€”legs hanging, palms resting on the rock as she leaned forward, brow creased and lips tightâ€”and she thought.

I'm all alone...miles away from Berk...Stoick probably thinks I'm...d-dead. Valka cringed and pursed her lips for a moment before taking shaky breaths. _He'll be alone with Hiccup. Oh...my little Hiccup..._ She opened her eyes and looked up, trying to steady her breathing and keep from crying, lest she wake Cloudjumper. Valka knew the dragon cared about her, and already, she him. She preferred to avoid upsetting him.

He wouldn't be able to help her anyway... Cloudjumper wanted her here, in the nest, not back at Berk. He'd felt it too, the stark similarities between their souls.

If that was the case, Valka needed to find a way to make peace with her position.

I can't go back, Cloudjumper won't let me. But then...what am I supposed to do? Leave Stoick alone to...to raise our son on his own? Sure, he'd have help from the village, but... Valka sighed and hung her head, gripping the rock beneath her hands till her knuckles whitened.

Suddenly, a noise caught her attention, drawing Valka's gaze below the rocky shelf she sat on. Not far beneath her, a dragon hatchling had fallen, perhaps out of a clutch. She couldn't discern its breedâ€”in fact she could barely see itâ€”probably due to being in a different area than Berk. It amazed Valka, for a moment, there were such other breeds besides the Nightmares and such. She'd have to see what ones she could recognize from Bork's Book of Dragons tomorrow.

Valka was drawn out of her reverie when she noticed the hatchling that had tumbled was crying. A noise not that different from a human baby's, and thus, it tore at her, causing her to wince. Instinct demanded she tend the hatchling, but Valka hesitated. Surely the mother would hear? Valka sadly didn't know much about dragon mothers and their pups, but it was simple motherly instinct, wasn't it?

As the pup continued to cry, no dragon came to its aid, the other pups in the nearest clutch it probably fell from piling together and ignoring the hatchling's wails. Fed up with this cruel treatment, Valka pushed off the rocky shelf, putting her foot down on a small outcropping as she began climbing down. Luckily, she'd done plenty of climbing back on Berk when she was a young girl, childishly searching for dragon nests.

Valka never imagined she'd be climbing around in such a grand one as this.

She continued her descent, reaching for hold after hold with both hand and foot, never once losing her grip. Valka allowed herself a slight smirk of pride. She hadn't lost her touch. Valka finally alighted at the bottom, the pup's cries more unbearable now than before.

How could this pup be so blatantly ignored? She mused worriedly.

Valka quickly but quietly made her way to the pup, pushing aside some foliage, realizing the pup was a fair distance from the cliff. The hatchling was crying somewhat less than when it began, but it still sniffled and keened. Valka's heart went out to the pup as she approached. Once it came into sight, she noticed were it not for its crying, she'd have never found the pup.

Its entire body was black as night.

It was small, barely bigger than a human baby. Valka mused by its closed eyes and toothless mouth and how very, very small it was that the pup had probably just hatched that day. It was stuck on its back, futilely thrashing its miniscule legs, as if trying to get up. It tried to roll to, going back and forth, but its limbs were just too small to get it back up, and it couldn't seem to get its stubby wings to cooperate. The entirety of the pup was a rich black, every single scale on its body the same abyssal color.

Valka began hushing the pup, making the softest and most reassuring sounds she possibly could, straining to keep them dragon-like. The hatchling picked up on her hushes, and thankfully reacted by calming down. It stilled its efforts, and instead probed with its dainty head, tiny ear-like appendages on its head quivering in rhythm with Valka's calming sounds.

Valka slowly reached for the pup, gently lifting it to her chest, where she held it close. The pup was indeed small. It thrummed sounding oh so petite compared to Cloudjumper and curled against her. She smiled gently as she watched the pup, amazed by how similar it was to her own Hiccup.

The hatchlings squeaked a couple of times and opened its eyes tentatively, probably for the first time since hatching. Its eyes were so very bright and green, the wide black pupils staring back at hurt. It squeaked a couple more times, and squirmed a little in her grasp.

Valka cringed. The pup needed to sleep. If it hadn't woken some other dragons already, it would soon. Unsure of what else to do, she waved her hand before the pup's eyes, it watching her movements. Suddenly the pup went limp, prompting Valka to gape slack-jawed in worry. But then she heard and felt the pup thrum, apparently pacified.

Valka let out a soundless chuckle of amazement at this discovery before taking the hatchling back to his clutch. Or at least, she thought it had been his. As she neared the small nest the other hatchlings lay piled in, none of them looked like the pup in her arms. Rather, they were young gronkles, their coloring slightly different than she was used to.

From on the ledge, Valka hadn't realized this. But now she was curiously aware.

With that nest not being the pup's, Valka turned and scanned the area, looking for other clutches. Each one was a different breedâ€”all different from the one in her arms.

Valka gazed down at the hatchling in her arms, her brow furrowed in sympathy. _No wonder no one came for you... You're all on your own. A practical hiccup._

Or so Valka thought, till a sudden thump caught her attention, tearing her gaze up and away from the pup. It was an adult dragon whom had landed as silent as a ghost before her. Like the pup, it was pure black, and all Valka truly saw of it were its large green eyes. They were thin and slit, much different than the pup's had been. Then Valka remembered back at her house, how Cloudjumper's pupils changed between thin and large.

It must indicate their demeanor... She mused.

The shadow dragon growled softly, its closed mouth muffling it. It hadn't moved, still staring at her. Finally, it clicked in Valka's head: it wanted the pup.

At first, Valka hesitated, worried the dragon wasn't the pup's parent. With a resigning gulp, she knew she had no choice, and slowly set the pup down on the ground. The shadowy dragon watched her every move. Valka watched as it gestured with its head: _step away._ Valka did as such, unimposingly stepping back, away from the pup, hands held upâ€”palms outwardâ€”in a posture of submission.

Only when Valka was too far away from the pup to get to it quickly did the shadow dragon approach the pup. It looked down at it with an expression of such pure kindnessâ€”its pupils, indeed, wide with friendlinessâ€”and purred gently. The pup heard, rising from the stupor Valka had somehow put it in before squeaking with glee and leaping onto the dragon's head, scurrying to its neck and curling there.

The shadowy dragon, who Valka now knew without doubt was the hatchling's parent, regarded her one last time. Valka gave it a friendly smile, nodding to and even going so far as to bow before the dragon. Its eyes remained kindly at it watched her, returning her nod. It then lifted off, then and there, flying straight up and leaving the nest without the slightest hint of effort.

Valka stared after them, in awe of the dragon's speed and stealth and strength. Her face went blank, eyes wide and breathe short as it hit her. Pure black form, swift and capable flight, bright green eyes, not a single sound to be heard, and an ever present air of intimidation.

By the Valkyrie themselves...that was a Night Fury! I...I just met a Night Fury and its pup...

It took all her willpower to keep from fainting.

Following this extraordinary meeting, Valka returned to the cliff and

climbed back to the top. Just as she pulled herself onto the rocky shelf, settling on her shins and dusting her hands off, she heard a ruffling sound, followed by a warm breath rolling over her shoulders. Valka turned around to be face-to-face with Cloudjumper. She leaned back, gulping as she returned his stare.

Valka peeked back over where she'd seen Cloudjumper hanging before, and sure enough, it was him.

She gulped again, then returned her gaze to the special Stormcutter. He tilted his head once she had, an inquiring glint in his eyes. Valka sighed and shrugged her shoulders, bearing the innocent expression of a half-smile and angled eyebrows.

"I know, I fooled ya into think I was sleeping... I was just thinking."

At first Valka spoke freely, as if under the impression the dragon before her would understand. She realized this, causing herself to hesitate. Back on Berk, if she tried to converse with a dragon, she'd have been scoffed at for a fool. But she wasn't on Berk. She was surrounded by none but dragons, the one crouched before herâ€"still eyeing her curiously (and the slightest bit concerned)â€"having taken Valka for the sole reason of relating to her.

Valka sighed, her eyes downcast and brow furrowed, thinking hard once again. Cloudjumper merely sat back and waited, no doubt being fully aware of her precarious situation.

Maybe I shouldn't go back...Stoick will be a wonderful father. He'll have plenty of able helpers among the villagersâ€"he's the chief, after all. B-besides...

Valka closed her eyes and pursed her lips.

They...they'll be better off without me. I'll only put them in danger with my caring for dragons.

This brought about another change in Valka's disposition as she opened her eyes once again, brow now bunched by a steadfast realization.

_No...I should stay. They _will_ be better off without me. I'll only get in the way of their blasted, stubborn prejudices against the dragons. No, better I stay here, where I'm wanted._

Valka looked up at Cloudjumper, a big smile rising as she noted his patient expression. The crested fins behind his head rose as he noticed her smiling at him. Cloudjumper laid down and ever-so-gently rested his rugged chin on her lap. Valka returned the gentleness as she caressed his jaw with her hands, pausing as she eyed a gash on his great crest. She knew how that gouge in the bony crown got there.

It was from Stoick's own axe.

Cloudjumper didn't seem to recall, probably due to the raging flood of reflexes and instincts enflamed when Stoick had stormed in. He didn't seem to remember her husband throwing that axe at heâ€"the Stormcutter; likely with the foolish thought it was assaulting her or

Hiccup. Valka had just stopped Cloudjumper from retaliating, pulling the axe free from his crest before he'd grabbed her and flown off.

Yet more proof to back Valka's decision.

"Cloudjumper...you were right," Valka began, Cloudjumper himself blinking curiously while waiting for her to continue.

"You were right to bring me here. I didn't belong there, on Berk. The Vikings hate dragons...hate you all, foolishly, stubbornly."

She scowled and gave an exasperated sigh before continuing. "I'd been trying for years, trying to get them to stop...they wouldn't."

Valka looked into Cloudjumper's eyes, and he right back. She smiled, loving the look of pure tenderness in the Stormcutter's eyes.

What fools those Vikings be...

Valka hugged Cloudjumper's head, resting her forehead on his plated nose. "I belong here...with dragons, and with you, my mighty Cloudjumper."

The Stormcutter had waited and listened patiently as his precious scaled two-leg "Valka" spoke. He understood her words to the simplest extent he needed to. She was merely realizing her place was here, among fellow dragons. While Cloudjumper would always feel a tinge of guilt for separating his Valka from her pup, it would not make him waver in this decision. Especially not now that Valka herself found good reason within it.

As she finished speaking, hugging his head, Cloudjumper smiled softly. Slowly, he brought his primary wings around and carefully lifted Valka, understanding all the while her delicacy compared to the other dragons. Valka did not stir as he moved, only held his head tight and staying close.

Cloudjumper took deliberate carefulness as he returned to his previous hanging perch. Valka continued her contented silence as he did so. Keeping her upright the entire time, Cloudjumper settled himself into a new dangling position: he hung anchored by his feet and primary wings, the claws on them hooked into the rock, appearing not unlike a hanging bed. Valka stretched comfortably 'cross his chest, arms wrapped around his neck, nuzzling into him.

Cloudjumper smiled once more, snuggling back with his chin before relaxing into sleep, his dearest scaled two-leg resting comfortably upon him, wrapping her in his secondary wings like a pair of leathery blankets.

Unbeknownst to the Stormcutter, that was the best night's sleep Valka had had in her entire life.

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><p>Author's Note: Ta-da! Hope ya enjoyed the second installment here! As long as you all keep showing interest, I shan't dare relent in exploring these two. I'm having a heck of a lot of fun delving into what Valka and Cloudjumper's first days together were

like. I might be taking advantage of these pieces to live out my fantasy of being with my own "Cloudjumper". So do pardon me if little cutesy fantasies like that creep in: such as how Valka and Cloudjumper ended up sleeping. hehehe...hehe... Anywho, keep reading, reviewing and faving, and I'll keep writing! Also...yes, that Night Fury hatchling is who you think it is. hehehehehe

End
file.